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The Legend of Lovers' Leap

AND

An Historical Sketch of Waco, Texas

BY

DECCA LAMAR WEST

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By

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April, 1912



LOVER'S LEAP, BOSQUE RIVER
THREE MILES ABOVE CITY OF WACO

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The Legend of Lover's Leap

On a fair spring morning when the young bucks hunted, as was their pleasure, and the old chiefs smoked and basked idly in the sun, as was their pleasure, and the women toiled in the little fields of corn, as was their necessity, Wah-Wah-Tee, the beautiful daughter of the Chief of the Wacos gathered flowers far up on the banks of the Brazos. Wah-Wah-Tee was a child of nature, yet she dreamed as other maids have done—and as she dreamed, the branches of the willows parted and the embodiment of her vision stood forth—a bold and handsome brave. He told her he belonged to the tribe of Apache, and Wah-Wah-Tee bade him go, for the two tribes were sworn foes. In all the annals of Indian "atrocities" there is no record where an Indian woman betrayed a man to his doom. John Smith was old and ugly and a foreigner, but Pocahontas pitied and saved him. The Apache was young, handsome and of her own race, Wah-Wah-Tee told him he must flee and that she must go, but her brothers were away to the southward, her father dozed in his wigwam and she lingered. The birds sang, the subtle odor of the wild grape filled the air; the sun shone bright, the clover spread its fragrant, glowing carpet of azure, and it was "Spring-time!" This Indian maid had never heard of "Romeo and Juliet," but the results were just the same as tho' she had "sat up nights" reading it, and modern romances, for she promptly fell in love with the "enemy of her house," he, presumably having fallen a victim to her charms 'ere he advanced from the sheltering willows. When the shadows of the afternoon were lengthening, Wah-Wah-Tee hastened, for she was several miles from the village by the Big Spring, but she was fleet of foot, and sped homeward like a young antelope, when danger is scented from afar. Like fair Minnehaha she had promised to follow where he led her. Had she known the civilized arts of diplomacy, she might have reconciled the two tribes, and "lived happily ever after," instead of furnishing this pathetic story. Then the Waco Chief might have said with the Arrow-maker of the Dakotas, and with many a father since—

"Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love and those who love us,
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them:
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers
With his flute of reeds, a stranger,
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger."

Alas! Star-eyed Wah-Wah-Tee forgot her father's blessing! When she reached the village, they said, "You have wandered afar," and asked if she were not hungry. The color glowed on her dusky cheek, her eyes shone like stars, and they marveled at her beauty.

Now, Wah-Wah-Tee sought her tent, and did not hear that news had come that the Apaches were over on the East side, and might dare cross the river, and that watch was to be kept. When Chiefs and braves seemed sound asleep, and above the tree tops the full moon cast a silver radiance over all the land, Wah-Wah-Tee slipped into the shadows; crept until she gained her pathway through the thicket, sped to join her lover at the trysting place. The young Apache lying still upon the river's bluff had seen the silent forms before him—knew the meaning of the watch. When he heard the rustle of the leaves, he waited silently until he saw Wah-Wah-Tee. Quick he told her that they must make all speed up the western bank of the river and gain the Bosque woods 'ere she was missed. Wah-Wah-Tee felt no fears, for was she not with her brave? Did not the moon shine forth in that splendor never seen except 'neath southern skies?

She led the way up a path made by her own dainty moccasined feet. Many a sunny hour had she sat upon the high cliff on the Bosque, and looked across its wooded valleys, while she wove her wild flower-garlands, and her "girlish fond fancies." But even with the dusky savage "the course of true love never did run smooth." With all their native instincts, the beating of their hearts drowned the usually acute sense. Stealthy footsteps had followed Wah-Wah-Tee from her wigwam, seen the meeting with the lover—guessed its meaning. Returning, he informed the chief, who with the brothers quickly followed. With the wariness of the Indian, they made a noiseless pursuit, thinking to follow across the river and surprise the Apache braves.

A mighty roaring from the Bosque told of swiftly rising water. On came the Chief, vowing vengeance. Savage heart stood still a moment; did not falter. In the moonlight, on the high cliff, he saw the lover clasp Wah-Wah-Tee, while she kissed him, bravely smiling. None dared to shoot the fatal arrow, but with demoniac yell would have rushed upon the Apache. Quick Wah-Wah-Tee and her lover, in the last embrace of love and death, sprang from the cliff into the maddened waves below, since which dreadful night it has been known as "Lovers' Leap."

The sudden currents from the Bosque are an actual fact, and the legend further states that the bodies of the lovers, still clasped in each other's arms, were borne by the swift flood into the Brazos river, and an eddying current cast them ashore near the spot where the Apache had first seen Wah-Wah-Tee.

It is said that sometimes when the spring rains presage a flood, and the moon shines bright; when mocking birds make vocal the still night air, one may see on the cliff the flitting figures of a youth and maid. Perhaps it is only vouchsafed to those whose hearts are ever young!

Oh, ye of youthful or sympathetic heart, shed no tear of pity for the Indian lovers. They were filled with the joy of life—they lived, for they loved, and knew one perfect day!

Historical Sketch

To give a "History of Waco" in the space allotted were impossible; a fleeting glimpse of its varied periods of growth from the view-point of a native, who has had the stories from the lips of those who helped to make it, is all that shall be attempted.

To do this let us divide the time into five periods, beginning with the earliest, which, of course, is largely tradition, but which oft told tale has been handed down from the "oldest inhabitant."

First—The Indian village.

Second—The White Settlers Village; or "Pioneer Period."

Third—The Growing Country Town.

Fourth—The Progressive Little City.

Fifth—Greater Waco; A Glimpse into the Future.

THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

The Tribe of Indians known as the "Wacos" are believed to have been a branch or off-shoot from the larger tribe of the Tawakni, those fierce natives whose deed form such lurid scenes upon the canvas of Texas history. The word "Waco" being the name given by the Spaniards to this branch, the original spelling being "Hueco." The early white settlers very sensibly gave the anglicized spelling of "W-A-C-O," which is after all nearer the tribal name. They knew well how to talk with the Spaniards in the language of the carbine and the rapier, but it is doubtful if they were so familiar with the Spanish orthography. In any case, we are thankful for the simple spelling.

The "Wacos" were petty farmers, which for that time meant simply that they planted small grain and some fruit trees, the products of their daily use, and to exchange for tobacco and other things dear to their hearts. Blot out from your vision the thought of streets and houses, and all marks of civilization. A fair country, densely wooded to the east and south, and possibly for a few miles to the west, for the "Wacos" chose the choice spot in all the land—the forest for bear, deer and turkey and all the wild things that seek its shelter; and the boundless prairie that they might see an enemy afar off, make use of its wild horses, bring down the fleet antelope and pursue the mighty monarch of the plain—the buffalo.

Let us stand for a moment on the banks of the Brazos at what is now the suspension bridge. This was the site of the Indian wigwams, for here was the "Big Spring," for which it is said they had a superstitious veneration, (also for the Brazos river), believing so long as they drank of its waters "that their tribe would flourish and not become extinct." Close to this village the "Wacos" built rude fortifications in which to intrench themselves when attacked by other tribes and to make the

last stand against the white man when he discovered that it was a good land and desired to possess it. (As ever the race was to the strong). Early settlers tell us that the sites of these fortifications were about Columbus avenue, Eighth and Ninth streets, for many years occupied by the homes of Judge George Clark and Dr. G. C. McGregor. (Now the site of the Waco High School).

With the unerring instinct of the savage the "Wacos" had another and greater reason for their choice of an abiding place. The lay of the land is such that no cyclone, no death-dealing storm ever approached them. We have had zero weather to the north of us, cyclones to the west of us, hail storms on the east of us, and cloudbursts on the south of us, but we still cherish the "Big Spring" in the midst of us and bear a charmed life.

THE WHITE SETTLERS' VILLAGE.

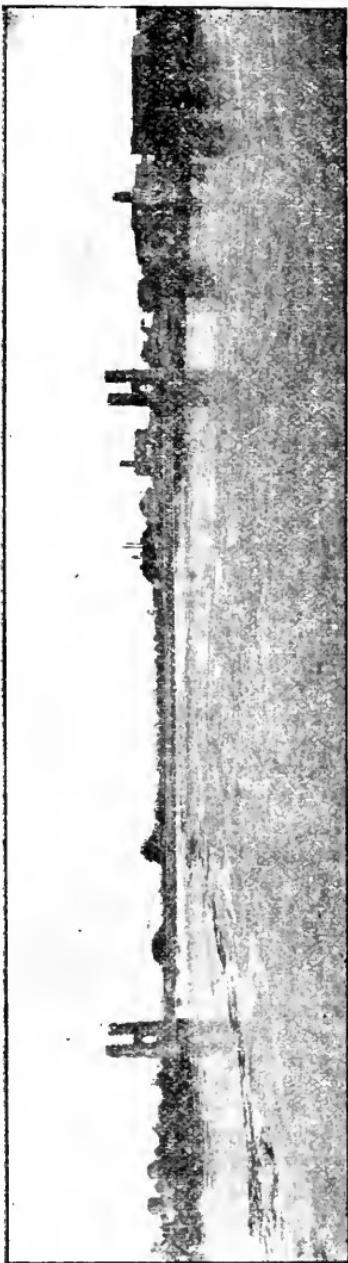
The first recorded date of the white man camping at the Indian village of Waco is from Major George Erath, who speaks of having been "stationed here in 1837," and being greatly impressed with the place, as the location for a settlement which could easily grow into a town. He wrote as agent of the owners of the Thomas J. Chambers league of land: "I believe Waco will make an important place on account of its central position in the state and its being above the level of the swamp lands—also because of the many forks of the water courses near by and the broken lands above. I conceived the idea of the Indian village being the site for a town on account also of its being easy of access that a public road from the northeast or northern boundary of Texas would have to cross the Brazos there and passing on across Little river at its three forks and westwardly toward Laredo by what are now the towns of Austin and San Antonio."

In 1845 four companies of Rangers were organized for frontier protection and the rendezvous for the company under Capt. Shapley P. Ross was stationed at "Waco Spring." By that time, the whites assisted by the Cherokee Indians had driven out the Huecos. It was here that his young son "Lawrence Sullivan" was schooled to hardship and endurance which fitted him for his brilliant career in which as soldier and civilian he won both name and fame. The name of Ross is indissolubly linked with the history of the country and gives still to Waco some of her most prominent citizens.

Mrs. Thomas Padgett, recently deceased, had the distinction of being the first white child born in McLennan county, she being the youngest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Shapley Ross, the first permanent settlers of Waco village.

The families of Ross, Burney, Erath, Killingsworth and others were camping on the east side in 1849 and their descendants have done much for the upbuilding of Waco. The town of Waco was "laid off" with a main street beginning at the Spring and running westward with a space left for a public square on the third block from the river. Lots were sold on either side of what is now Bridge street at \$5 apiece and the campers moved in and commenced building houses, first with hewn logs and rudely manufactured brick.

When Major Erath was instructed to lay out the town it was to be called "Lamartine," but on May 5th, 1849, it was decided



THE WACO SUSPENSION BRIDGE

BUILT 1870

to call it "Waco Village." While its subsequent history as an educational center would have made it appropriate to name it in honor of President Mirabeau B. Lamar, the man who had the foresight to insist that the state provide for the education of its future citizens by setting aside millions of acres of land, we are glad the pioneers kept the name of "Waco"; the tribe who first discovered her charms is entitled to have its name perpetuated. We believe there is some discussion of honoring the memory of General Lamar by giving his name to one of our public schools. He was the first to inaugurate the idea of an the lamented Col. Wm. L. Prather. On January 22nd, 1850, the educational fund for Texas, and this fact was given public recognition half a century after it was due, by a citizen of Waco, Legislature approved an act creating the county to be named for one of the settlers, Neil McLennan, and in August it was ready to be organized with Waco, on the high bluff by the Big Springs to be the seat of Justice. All that existed of Waco at that time were a few wooden stores on Bridge street, and the nearest approach to what might be called a town was "Cameron." A temporary building was erected on the third street corner of the south side of the square, which was to be the site of a permanent court house. There was so little demand for a court house that it was used as a school house until 1854, when the court forbade such combination; a jail and other marks of civilization were soon added. This brings us to the third and most important period.

THE GROWING TOWN.

The most important, in that in those early days were laid the foundations of the churches and the schools—the bulwarks of civilization. Then were founded those educational institutions which have fitted us for citizenship and made Waco a name synonymous with progress and culture. On May 15th, 1854, lots were donated for the well-known "Methodist Female College;" and the First Baptist church. In the early fifties, the Methodist and Baptist (the strongest religious bodies, both numerically and financially as they are today) agreed to establish two schools, one to be known as the "Female College" to be presided over by a Methodist, which all the girls of both denominations should attend.

The other to be called the "Waco Classical School," which should be presided over by a Baptist and where all the boys should attend. This unique agreement, it is useless to add, soon ceased to be complied with. Whether it was that some of the girls would go to the boys' school, or whether it was due to the fact that Waco was destined to lead, we can not say, but the records show that the "Waco Classical School," presided over by S. G. O'Brien, Theodore Jones, and in 1859-60 by John C. West, closed its doors in 1861 on account of the Civil War. It was superceded by the Baptist Coilege, presided over by Dr. Rufus C. Burleson and Prof. Richard Burleson, and was known as "Waco University" for many years; and Dr. Burleson, the chief advocate in Texas of "co-education." This college was the forerunner of the largest denominational school in Texas, for by a consolidation of several Baptist schools and colleges it became, in 1885, Baylor University. The Waco Female College continued to grow and was presided over by some of the best

educators in the state under Methodist domination and boasts among its alumnae many of the most brilliant of the daughters of Texas. And it was a sad day for many of us in Waco, who had been trained within its walls, when "old baldly," as the building was dubbed on account of the peculiarity of its belfry, was torn down and the college was moved to a handsomer building in North Waco. That vicinity is now "College Heights" and the building occupied by the Texas Christian University until it was destroyed by fire in 1910. And since 1878 there is no "Female College." To use a phrase that does not belong to the period referred to, "We have arrived."

The first brick court house was built in the midst of the public square (site of the present city hall) amidst a grove of magnificent trees. This, the Masonic Lodge, corner Third street and square; the Methodist church, corner Third and Franklin streets, and the old Baptist church (burned in 1877), corner Fourth and Mary streets, constituted all the brick buildings in Waco in 1859. At this time the county jail, situated on the north corner of Third street and Franklin street, was built of hewn logs about twenty feet long and eight inches square, composed of two rooms, ten feet high each and one above the other with no opening whatever from the outside to the lower room—only a few square holes, barred with iron, for ventilation. The upper room was reached by outside stairway ending in a small platform—a trap door from the upper room was the only entrance to the lower. This was considered a very safe jail, and the only instance where a prisoner ever escaped goes to show that a Waco woman, when she sets her head, overcomes all obstacles. (Murderers and the more dangerous class of criminals were confined in the lower room). On one occasion a man indicted for murder was a prisoner and his daughter was allowed to visit him. One day after the daughter had paid a visit the jailer noted that the prisoner was very quiet and seemed to spend most of the day on his rude bed. He went down that night to see if he was sick, but it was the daughter's trick, and the jailor's time to be sick—his prisoner had escaped in frock and sunbonnet and was never heard of again.

About 1870 the citizens had a great argument about the trees in the square and it is a blot that I blush to reveal, but they thought it did not look cityified and wanted to cut them all down, but the protest was maintained. So one night they all fell beneath the ax; though who the perpetrators were was suspected. Alas, there was no "Woman's Club" to get out an injunction to restrain the vandal hands. For many years it was a burning plain, but now our city fathers are making efforts to redeem it, and have the "hackberries" watered regularly, but alas! for the oaks—not even centuries can restore them. The next court house was built on the corner of Second and Franklin streets in 1876 at a cost of probably fifty thousand dollars. It was abandoned some years ago, but as it is now occupied by a laundry, the "washing of soiled linen" still goes on within its walls. Only it is done by laundresses instead of lawyers. When this court house was built the population of McLennan county was 10,000—it is now more than 80,000. The last court house was finished in 1903 at a cost of \$250,000, and great care was taken to preserve the beautiful oak trees that grew upon the lots; and

its lawn in summer is an oasis in the midst of paved streets. Great is the influence of civic leagues.

Stores, churches, schools, homes continued to increase and despite the fact that almost every able-bodied citizen was away in the army the greater part of four years—and the reconstruction period was fraught with even more bitter strife, the growth was steady. The materials for building, stocking a store, etc., all had to be hauled by ox wagons about one hundred miles from Millican, which was the terminus of the Central road up to about 1870. People traveled by stage coach and did not make as much fuss over a three days' delay in arriving at their destination as we do now over three hours.

I have mentioned the Baptist and Methodists for they were the pioneers in religious and educational work, but soon there were Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, Campbellites and various other sects. One achievement which by its importance would seem to belong to the "Progressive City Period" is a standing monument to the enterprising "Country Town," for immediately after the war between the states, when the town numbered less than four thousand inhabitants, there was formed a corporation to build a suspension bridge at a cost of about \$140,000, which price was probably due to the fluctuation of United States currency. It was finished in 1870 and was the second longest single span bridge, not only in the state or nation, but in the world. It stood without a pier—spell it any way you please. The material for the suspension bridge, its immense cables of copper wire, large castings, etc., were hauled on ox wagons from Bremond—45 miles—that being the nearest railroad point. (For years it was a toll bridge, and was bought by the city and county at the price of \$75,000 in 1889, and made free).

This one example makes Waco unique in her ability to accomplish the seemingly impossible. This connected Waco proper with East Waco—then a cotton field, now a thriving place of three or four thousand inhabitants, with paved streets, schools, factories, churches and all the improvements that go to make up the modern city. And East Waco can boast that it had the first railroad, for the Houston and Texas Central built from Bremond in 1871, and they have extended their tracks some three hundred miles to the northwest, now the "Texas Central."

THE PROGRESSIVE CITY.

Waco has achieved many things, overcome many obstacles, made mistakes, of course, but I shall not mention those except as in the case of the cutting of the trees in the court house square, and the few others that bear directly on our present day work, in city, state and nation. By recognizing these mistakes and trying to remedy them, we also assist younger towns to prevent them, and the sooner will reach our aim for civic beauty. I have endeavored to eliminate the mistakes, but you will be sure to stumble over them. When you have to wait for your train at McGregor you can not help wondering why the Santa Fe did not pass through Waco—it's a long and painful story. It happened more than twenty years ago and we have not quite recovered, but it is fast becoming a reminiscence since we have been enjoying for a year the "Santa Fe Connection,"

which was accomplished by the efforts chiefly of citizens of Waco and Hamilton.

With our pleasant neighbors of Hillsboro and Temple and the intervening suburbs, and a railroad running from Beaumont on the southeast to Brownwood on the northwest, we may be able to forget. That this prospective road will be assured in the next two years we are certain and it will be mainly due to the efforts of educating public sentiment by the Waco Times-Herald. We have three live, well edited papers—the above, the new Waco Morning News and The Waco Semi-Weekly Tribune. Editor A. R. McCollum of The Tribune is not only a pioneer journalist of Waco, but known and loved throughout the state. No weekly journal in the United States is more worthy a place in the home. Few editorials are so readable, of such graceful diction; few are as truly faithful friends and servers of the people of the city, state and nation, as Editor McCollum.

In about 1879 Waco became the terminus of the Cotton Belt road and in the early eighties the Missouri Pacific passed through as far as Taylor—a later extension of what is now the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, provided quick transportation and comfortable travel without change from St. Louis, Mo., to Galveston, Texas. These roads added two more bridges across the Brazos. In more recent years the advent of the San Antonio and Aransas Pass and the International and Great Northern gives Waco nine railway outlets.

Six or seven years ago the County Commissioners of McLennan county and the city authorities of Waco decided that the old bridge was inadequate to the demands and one block above was built the new iron truss bridge at a cost of \$100,000. It is a fine substantial bridge and we can travel faster on it. It leads up a magnificent causeway, to our handsome court house, but we still point with pride to our heart's first love—the old suspension bridge.

We not only have the right, but it is a duty to tell its story and give credit to the far-sighted citizens who were instrumental in its building. Of the forty-nine miles of paved streets, electric car lines, additional railway connections, suburban roads, there is not time to speak—our handsome stores, as up-to-date as you will find in any city of a hundred thousand inhabitants; our various manufactures, chief of which is the large woolen mill, employing some five hundred people; our light and water systems, all speak the Progressive City. Our Auditorium proclaims us the Convention City. Our churches, schools and universities; our Public Library, our Y. M. C. A. suggests a place for the education of children. A biographer could find material for studying the lives of the men who have belonged first to Waco, then to Texas, and in some cases to the nation. These are too numerous to mention, for they are in all walks of life. Without disparagement to others I can not refrain from mentioning a few. I beg to remind you that Waco has furnished two presidents of the greatest educational institutions in Texas—Hon. L. S. Ross to the A. & M. College, and Col. Wm. L. Prather to the University of Texas. Waco has furnished two of the most prominent divines in the United States—Drs. Carroll and King, who after thirty years of pastorate service in the First Baptist and Old School Presbyterian churches, have retired not to inactivity, but to the most responsible institutions

in their respective denominations—the heads of the theological departments. One community can rarely boast of two men of such gigantic intellectual and moral strength and their influence can not be estimated by mortal man. Waco has furnished two governors of Texas, two judges of the court of civil appeals, one attorney general, besides giving citizens to state departments and many minor state offices. Texas is a vast territory, but she is only allowed two United States senators—Waco furnished one of these for twenty years, who served his people faithfully and his record is open to the public.

Waco proved herself a quarter, or perhaps a half century ahead of the times in having literary clubs composed of both men and women. The first was known as "The Teachers' Reading Circle" in 1885-86, composed principally of the teachers from the public schools and presided over by Judge J. N. Gallagher, city superintendent at that time. It did not survive the second summer. The second organized in about 1890 was known as the "Waco Shakespeare Club" and was organized by one of Waco's most gifted and charming girls, Miss Eddie Graham (now Mrs. George Coates of Abilene). The membership included the most cultured young girls and professional men who were in Waco society at that time. Removals from the city and one or two epidemics of matrimony finally caused the demise of the club, and most of the women members who still live in Waco were absorbed in the various clubs for women (and the men, loyal "club husbands" in most instances). The period of three or four years that it flourished marked an epoch in Waco's social history and I have heard one of the best informed of Waco's women say, that in the forty years she has lived in Waco there was never a set of young people who were the intellectual and social equals of the young men and women who composed the first "Waco Shakespeare Club." There are many persons in this town who do not know such a club existed, but its influence will last nevertheless for the women were broadened and the men made better and purer by this association. There was an intellectual community of interest established in reading and discussing together the masterpieces of literature, that could never be obtained even by the same individuals in the ordinary social intercourse of the card party, reception or dance.

Waco is the home of the Texas Floral Association, the first and largest of its kind in Texas. Its influence has been marked in our civic improvement.

Waco provided the first president for the Texas Federation of Women's Clubs in Mrs. Edward Rotan, who was elected at the first convention of fifteen clubs called to meet in Waco to organize a State Federation, the call having been issued by the Woman's Club of Waco. So Waco is also the birthplace of the Texas State Federation of Women's Clubs, organized in May, 1897.

If I commence to enumerate the women of Waco who have made reputation in literature, music, educational and philanthropic work, and the splendid women who have helped in her upbuilding, I should have to start a new volume.

GREATER WACO: A GIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE.

To sum up, while we confidently anticipate a "Greater Waco," we will recall just a few things that have happened within the

past five years. First, we have adopted the commission form of city government. We have issued bonds for public parks, and bonds for the building of a new High School. The High School is completed—a fire-proof structure and one of the best in the South. The parks are an accomplished fact, the largest and most beautiful, "Cameron Park," being a gift from the Cameron family in memory of the late William Cameron, once known as the Lumber King of the Southwest. This park, under the superintendence of a park commission, has been beautified until it is a spot of which a city of much greater size might well feel proud. The other parks are being carefully put in order and will be restful breathing spots in the crowded city to which we are looking forward. An effort is being made at present by the Mary West Chapter, U. D. C., to have one of these parks called "Confederate Park," and they have also petitioned the commissioners to grant to them the privilege of erecting a monument therein, to the memory of Confederate soldiers who went to war from McLennan county. There were no braver patriots and in no better way can education or patriotism be fostered. One of the parks already bears the name of the distinguished "Sul Ross."

Space does not admit of a detailed account of the marvelous growth and development of the last two years. The census for the City Directory, taken in 1911, shows an increase in population of 5,500 in two years. The building of substantial brick blocks of business houses and hundreds of attractive residences attest the fact that we grow daily. The increase and the manufactures more particularly have just been exploited in book form by the Young Men's Business League, an organization which also came into being in this five golden years. The sons have truly awakened the fathers and made the welkin ring with the talismanic word "progress."

The coming of the M., K. & T. shops, which brought an additional population of about 500 persons, and the Clifton Manufacturing Company, both located in East Waco, have materially benefited that side. The contract for the Waco-Hillsboro-Waxahachie-Dallas Interurban includes the installation of an electric plant to cost \$500,000. It will be located so close to never-failing oil fields and lignite deposits that Waco will unquestionably become a great manufacturing center.

So much has been written on the subject of Brazos navigation that to republish what has been accomplished and what work is progressing were a twice-told tale.

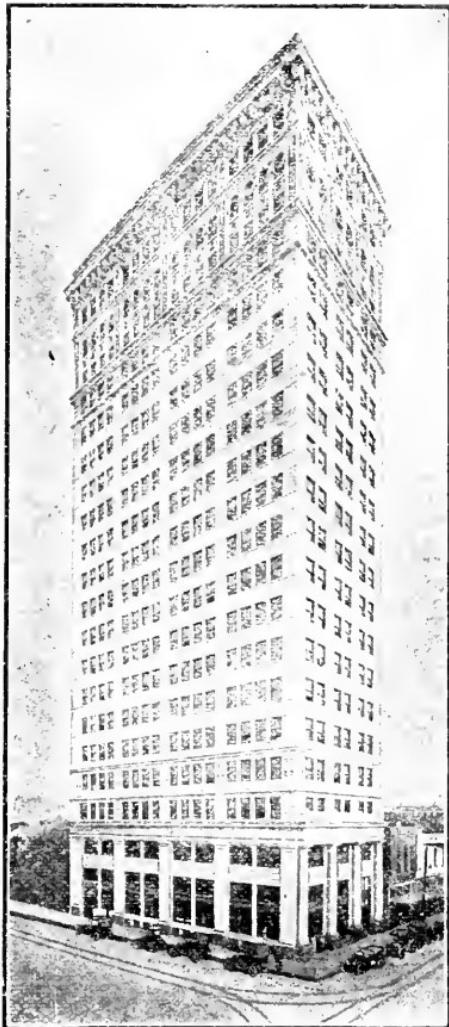
The Cotton Belt extension, 1911, has increased trade facilities, and with the Santa Fe connection practically gives two additional roads.

The greatest of all achievements is the building of the magnificent twenty-two story Amicable Life Insurance building, a structure of concrete and steel, modern in every equipment, just as no other town of its size ever had such a structure as the suspension bridge (forty years ago) so no city of its size today can boast such a business enterprise within its midst as the Amicable Life Insurance Company. The completion of this building nearly one year ago was celebrated by a unique al fresco banquet at which Mr. Artemas Roberts, president and actuary of the company, was introduced as the man who had focused the eyes of the world upon us by this splendid achieve-

ment. We are proud of our record in churches, public schools, library and Baylor University and business colleges, all of gradual growth, but always when one looks up the records and facts in town improvement the "suspension bridge" and the "Amicable Life Insurance Building" will be unique—supreme in their respective periods.

Last, but by no means least, is the Texas Cotton Palace Association. November of 1912 will mark the third year of its existence. It is a benefit educationally, commercially and socially. Each year its autumn exposition will be more attractive. Come and see it, and see the beginning of "Greater Waco," her citizens shall greet you with words of welcome in the musical language of the great American poet, and brave Hiawatha—

Beautiful is the sun, or Strangers,
When you come so far to see us—
All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open to you;
You shall enter all our wigwams;
For the heart's right hand we give you.



THE HOME OF THE AMICABLE LIFE INSURANCE CO.

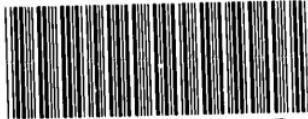
COMPLETED 1911

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- g. Old Scrap Book (compiled from 1860-1890 by the late Mrs. John C. West).

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



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